Quiet Depths

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Quiet Depths

by ira_agni

Summary

They had often talked about fantasies that might come true, scenarios to play out, new kinks to try that Will would not have dared ever bring up with another partner before; but Hannibal was different.

They were different.

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A Horny Hannigram Autumn Adventures 2023 bingo prompt fill for 'hiking & camping'.

Notes

As stated in the tags, this work mainly features somnophilia, and therefore very dubious consent at best. Though pre-discussed as a kink to consensually explore together (which is why this work was not tagged with a warning for rape/non-con), Hannibal is not able to explicitly give his consent for Will to initiate sexual acts between them in the moment.

If anything about this is triggering to you, please consider this to be your warning, and take care of your well-being first and foremost.

ira x

Will was barely awake when he wrapped his arms around Hannibal a little tighter, the sounds of their jackets softly brushing against each other even louder in the small, confined space of their tent.

Gently, still enjoying the haze and heaviness of sleep, Will nuzzled his face at the back of Hannibal's neck, placing kisses along the exposed skin as one of his hands slowly worked to open Hannibal's jacket, undoing the first few buttons of his shirt, allowing Will some space to enjoy the warmth of his skin, fingers eagerly exploring his chest and rubbing at his nipples.

Will moaned softly, feeling the uncomfortable restrictions of his pants and underwear around his already growing morning wood, no doubt the result of the deeply alluring and arousing dream about his husband he had had that night.

By the deep, smooth movements of his chest Will was sure Hannibal was still deeply asleep even as he touched him, and a subtle chill overcame Will at the thought of the glorious opportunity that so perfectly presented itself to him.

They had often talked about fantasies that might come true, scenarios to play out, new kinks to try that Will would not have dared ever bring up with another partner before; but Hannibal was different.

They were different.

When Hannibal had first brought up the topic of somnophilia, Will had not been able to keep himself from feeling shame, feeling inappropriate for daring to cross a line of explicit consent between them that would not happen in the exact moment he needed it, needed Hannibal's reassurance, his hands on him to tell him that he would be fine.

This morning, however, with Hannibal's body perfectly aligned with Will's in their shared sleeping bags, his ass so firmly pressed against Will's hips and lap, the dried sweat of last night's sex still lingering on their skin, Will felt bold.

Will reached down further, undoing the buttons of Hannibal's pants, pulling and pushing the layers of fabric down just enough to give him access to the most vulnerable parts of Hannibal's body, leaving him nearly fully clothed, yet exposed in Will's arms.

Will gave the length of Hannibal's cock a few firm strokes, eager to feel his body react to Will's touch even before his conscious mind did, glad to find him responding just the way he wanted him to.

Impatiently Will fumbled to find the small bottle of lube they had discarded in the sleeping bag the night before, glad to find it had been warmed by their body heat during the night, allowing for a more comfortable sensation as he poured it onto his fingers.

Using both of his hands now, Will spread apart Hannibal's cheeks while slowly working one of his fingers inside, finding next to no resistance to his touch.

As he added a second finger he could feel Hannibal tense ever so slightly, waiting with bated breath whether he would wake up now, yet he merely shifted slightly in his sleep, making Will quietly exhale with relief.

He didn't want Hannibal to wake up. Not now. Not while he wasn't inside him yet.

Slowly working his fingers in and out of him, Will quickly freed his throbbing erection from the confinement of his pants and underwear, pulling back his fingers to lube himself up instead.

Will felt like he could barely breathe with anticipation as he lined himself up, painfully slowly pushing into the wet, tight heat of Hannibal's body, stifling a moan as he bit down on his lip.

Silently he cursed under his breath, grabbing harder at Hannibal’s firm butt cheek as he picked up a shallow rhythm, feeling like his heart was about to stop as Hannibal arched his back, a low, quiet moan escaping him at the sensation of Will stimulating his prostate.

Will pushed his other arm around Hannibal's neck, supporting him as much as he pulled him closer, fingertips wet with saliva playing with his nipples, Will's lips hot and firm against his neck.

Hannibal tensed noticeably as he awoke, muscles firmly tightening around Will as he moaned his name, hips intuitively moving to meet Will's thrusts.

"Will-...!"

Will's hot breath grazed Hannibal’s skin, lips and teeth and tongue possessive in their touch, hips snapping harder, faster, mercilessly taking ownership of the man in his arms as he heard how desperate and wrecked his voice sounded, deep and hoarse from sleep and lust.

The way Hannibal came undone in his arms was beautiful and messy, every small inch of their tent filled with the heavy air of sex, moans, pleas and whimpers, the obscene, yet deeply arousing sounds of their bodies uniting with every kiss, every touch, every thrust.

Just as Hannibal was about to come, Will wrapped his hand around the tip of his cock, keeping him from soiling their sleeping bags even more than Hannibal would surely already begrudge Will, allowing him to spill himself in Will's hand instead.

"Will, oh, God-..."

Will sank his teeth into Hannibal’s shoulder, accompanied by a few more deep, harsh thrusts of his hips as he came deep inside his husband, claiming him inside and out.

For a sweet, blissful eternity, comfortable silence reigned over them, both of them quietly catching their breaths, each of them coming to terms with what had just happened.

"I don't recall… waking up ever having been… a quite so pleasurable experience-..."

Will laughed softly, breathlessly, apologetically leaving a few soft kisses along the shallow bite mark he had left on Hannibal.

To Will's surprise, Hannibal made no move to have Will pull out quite yet, yet he reached out to the zipper of their tent, allowing for some fresh, cool morning air to reach them, as well as the beautiful view of the quiet lake before them and tall, thick woods all around them, dying leaves reflecting the bright morning sun in a blaze of colours.

"Neither do I… but I guess that's just a side effect of having an extraordinarily wonderful husband…"

Hannibal smiled, turning around as best he could to place a soft kiss to Will's lips, pulling his arms around him just a little tighter.

"It is, indeed…"

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